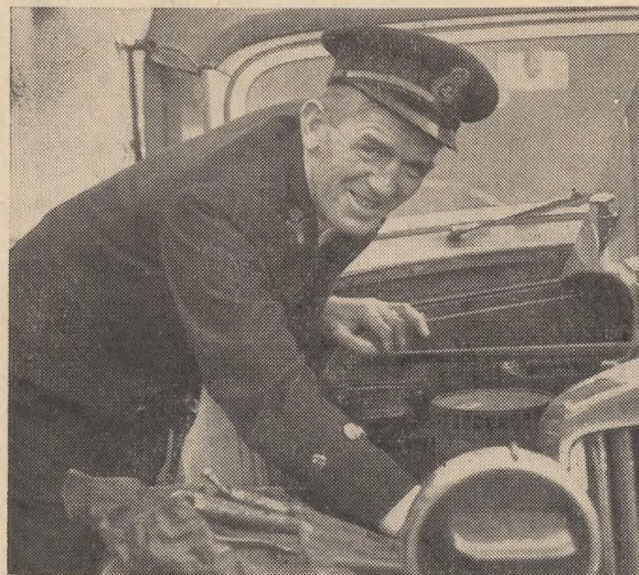


# Good Morning 396

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)



## You all know him— he's Car Wizard, too

THOUSANDS of you lads will know this grinning seaman the very moment you clap eyes on his picture.

For he's a naval instructor (of the first water in underwater tactics) — 44-year-old Chief Petty Officer Francis McCue to you—and since the war clouds burst several thousand raw recruits have passed through his hands.

He's had 18 years' unbroken service in the submarines, and he can make a sea-dog of most any lad who's willing.

But you probably didn't know that he's a perfect wizard with the inside of a motor-car, too.

When we called at his home, 20 Ridley Terrace, Scotswood, Newcastle, he was on leave.

But we found him—not sitting smoking a well-earned pipe, but half lost inside the bonnet of a motor-car just around the corner.

He just can't keep away from things mechanical—even on leave.

His job is his hobby. For when he's not tinkering with the inside of a submarine, he's helping a local garage pal with the motor repairs!

## News from the "Ark"

COME to the surface, boys, raise your periscopes in Kirkgate, Tadcaster, Yorks, and take a look at that ancient building on the left, which, believe it or not, is "The Ark."

Noah doesn't live there, but a Yorkshireman and his wife have found it a comfortable home ever since they went to live there nearly fifty years ago. Before their day it was a sweet shop, and before that, in the days of the Wars of the Roses, a then desirable residence known as Morley Hall.

This ark is the oldest, quaintest house in Tadcaster. It is so called because of two human figures carved in the stout oak beams over the door, which are supposed to be Noah and his wife. With its low, white-washed ceilings, misshapen windows and barn-like bedrooms, it is a real piece of old England. For over three hundred years it has stood and watched the changing panorama.

Time was when "The Ark" was a favourite pull-up for stage-coach travellers, who, after a bowl of punch or a glass or two of ale, would continue their journey refreshed and considerably merrier. It was always the haunt of the older generation, and its cellar was the coolest place in town.

Now only the house remains, and 68-year-old Mr. Frank

Warton, and 66-year-old wife, the tenants, wouldn't live anywhere else. "It's so solid," said Mr. Warton, "all oak beams and posts. It has no claim to fame. It isn't even one of the hundreds of places where Cromwell slept or Dick Turpin stopped. It's just a link with the old days and a tribute to the builders of days gone by. We get letters from all over the country, addressed simply to 'The Ark, Tadcaster,' from people who have heard of its great age and would like to come and see it. We have many visitors."

Even the oldest inhabitant could not say just how old the



# "Pittsburgh Dentist" was toughest U.S. Heavy —never won!

AS Joe Beckett's next opponent (following the victory over Tommy Burns) was Frank Moran, it will be as well to tell you something about this American.

A native of Pittsburgh, Moran looked every inch the part, and it is surprising that he never managed to pick up a title in his varied career. He was 6ft. 11in. in height, and weighed about 15 stone, all bone and muscle. I should say that he was about the toughest American heavy-weight ever to come to England.

IT was in keeping with the fashion of those days that Moran had to have a label. He was known as the Pittsburgh Dentist. But you cannot always go by the label, especially if it is an import from U.S.A.

All the same, one of the more innocent of sport writers in this country came out with a nice column of how Moran had forsaken his dental practice for the more exciting possibilities of the professional boxing ring, and the legend was passed on.

Moran liked it. He shared the views of most of his countrymen who depend on publicity for the healthy balance of their banking account.

"You can say what you like about me, so long as you say it loud enough. It's the silence that means starvation."

There is a lot to be said for this point of view. By now, you may probably have observed that it is no part of my business to perpetuate myths in my modest contributions to ring history, so let us get this affair of dentistry in its right perspective.

Moran certainly possessed a fine set of ivorys. When he smiled, which was a frequent occurrence with him, he displayed teeth that many a musical comedy actress might envy, but it was not this that earned him his nickname.

In one of his early contests in the United States he painfully extracted a number of his opponent's teeth with a terrific swipe, which gave one lively reporter his chance of writing a label that time did not efface.

That label was "The Pittsburgh Dentist," and it stuck to Moran throughout his ring career.

Moran also contributed to the gaiety of the boxing game by christening his hefty right fist "Mary Ann." He was a joyous soul and a very likeable companion, as he could generally spin an interesting yarn. As I knew him, he was also a good subject for anecdotes.

He never had the luck to win a title, and although he always put up a good show in the ring, he failed to earn anything like the money that many others with inferior qualities gained quite easily.

Ark is, but it can be traced back three centuries, and before that... who knows?

And, apart from the Ark, Tadcaster is famed for—what? Any Yorkshireman in the crew? Yes! You've got it. Ale!

E. Grimshaw

It is all very well to be a good fighter, but unless the other fellow is willing to agree to a meeting you cannot advance very far.

At the time under review it was the regular thing for champions to make their own terms, and many of them fought shy of meeting opponents who would be likely to deprive them of their titles. In the end they had to give way to pressure of public opinion, but not always.

Moran found that there was a penalty to pay for being known as a difficult man to beat, and that his unusual toughness, coupled with his ability to hand out murderous wallops, made his possible opponents find all kinds of excuses for not meeting him in the ring.

He came to England on his first visit in 1911 with the idea of getting matched with Bombardier Billy Wells, who was our big draw in the heavy-weight line, but it was not until four years later that he was able to get his fight with the Bombardier. The match aroused great interest at the time.

### HE GOT WELLS.

It was in March, 1915, and I can recall how disappointed I was in not being able to see the contest, especially as I had used my efforts a long time previously in trying to bring the meeting about. But I was then mixed up, as a very minor performer, in a much bigger fight in France. I mention this just to show the widespread interest in the Wells-Moran contest.

If memory serves, it was a critical period of the war. The Germans were attacking in great strength at Neuve Chapelle, and they were threatening to break our lines at other points.

I was then a despatch rider, and as it was generally assumed that we picked up odd bits of information usually denied to the average Tommy, it was not uncommon to be asked questions at various places.

On the day I refer to I was stopped all along the line and asked the same question. It was not whether the Germans had broken through. They didn't count. All that the boys wanted to know was, "Who

won the big fight?" Nothing else mattered. Moran won by knocking out Wells in the ninth round.

That fight produced probably the biggest purse Moran fought for in this country. He returned once more to the United States and had two fights with Jim Coffey, beating him in three rounds in the first contest and in nine rounds at the second meeting.

He also fought a ten-round no-decision contest with Jess Willard, the 18st. giant, who then held the world's heavy-weight championship, having a few months previously taken the title from Jack Johnson.

That was the nearest Moran could manage towards the world's heavy-weight title. He had gone the full course of twenty rounds against Jack Johnson in Paris in 1914.

Thereby hangs a tale, as our great-grandfathers would put it. Draw up your chairs, my hearties, and listen to this one.

The story was told to me by Moran, and—perhaps we had better make sure no outsiders are listening in—there is no reason to doubt the truth of it.

By W. H. Millier

### AIMING AT JOHNSON.

Moran found it difficult to find enough opponents to keep him busy in the States, and as there seemed to be plenty of money for the fight game in Paris he thought he would try his luck there. For some time he drew blank, as his reputation for toughness and hard-hitting had preceded him.

Jack Johnson had been living in the gay city (that expression sounds tragic in these days) for some time and he was living a gay and carefree existence. When Moran challenged him to fight for his world title Johnson simply ignored it.

As Frank found that a life of idleness in Paris was apt to be expensive, he decided that something would have to be done or he would not have the price of his return home.

He still pegged away at getting a match with Johnson, who, let it be said, did not have a moment's anxiety concerning the outcome of a meeting with Moran. It was merely that he had been so long out of the ring that he could not bear the thought of the hard grind of training that would be necessary to get him back to fighting fitness.

Eventually, according to Moran, Johnson had a talk with him and said he would agree to a match, but he (Moran) would have to take a dive in the sixth round, as it would then not be necessary to do any hard work in training.

As that was the only way of getting Johnson into the ring with him Moran agreed.

The match aroused great interest in the French capital, and when Moran saw the huge crowd he felt delighted at the prospect of a tidy sum coming to him as his share of the gate receipts.

He explained that he had no intention of going down unless he was put down for keeps by Johnson. He felt that he was fully justified in this, because it was grossly unfair of Johnson to refuse him a match except on his own terms.

They had not been boxing long when Moran felt pretty certain that Johnson had

done little or next to do work in training, and he chuckled to himself as he visualised how tired the negro would soon become, and then, perhaps, with a bit of luck, he could beat him.

Moran tried all he knew to keep his opponent on the move in order to make him tire quickly, but the champion was too wily to fall for that. He may have been somewhat on the fat side, but he knew how to avoid over-exerting himself. He was the super-economist in this connection.

When the sixth round was nearly through Johnson purposely went into a clinch in order to whisper into his opponent's ear. "What about it?" he asked. "There's nothing doing," answered Frankie. "I'm going all-out to win."

Johnson's reply to this was the most vicious right uppercut to the jaw that even this uppercut specialist could put over.

Moran took it with a grin, though the grin must have been of the automatic variety, for the toughest man living could not take the full force of one of Johnson's uppercuts and remain unaffected by it.

To cut out the trimmings, Johnson was so furious that he handed out everything he had, and instead of getting weary, he actually boxed himself into shape, with the result that Moran took a terrific battering.

He was dead game, and replied with the best he could muster, but Johnson's defence was superb. Still, it was a remarkably good performance on Moran's part to last out the full twenty rounds.

### "PINCHING" THE KITTY.

That is not the end of the story. Whilst Moran was feeling himself all over in his dressing-room to find out whether all his face was intact—he could scarcely see out of his puffed eyes—he consoled himself with the thought of the nice wad of money he would now go to collect.

Calling at the promoter's office for his purse-money, he received a more resounding wallop than any of those handed out by Johnson. This one hit him in his weakest spot—his pocket. There was no money for him and there was no money for Johnson.

No, the promoter had not cleared off to Monte Carlo with the money. No doubt he wished he could have done so. He had been the victim of circumstances over which he had no control at that moment.

Owing to sundry debts, this promoter had seen the means of paying off some of his creditors by the success of the fight, but the creditors had forestalled him, and, getting a court order, had garnished the whole of the takings as soon as the fight started.

Thus there was not a penny for either of the fighters on that bill. What a game!

Your letters are welcome! Write to  
"Good Morning"  
c/c Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1

### IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

It has been remarked that when the Germans took control of the Channel Islands the local police continued to carry out their normal duties. In Jersey, the police never had power of arrest, and did little more than direct traffic and help visitors find their way about. A much higher dignity, the unpaid Constable of the Parish, who might be a solicitor or a fishmonger, had to be summoned to the scene of the crime before the alleged offender could be hauled off to the cells. He might escape during the delay, but couldn't get far in a small island.

Quartering in heraldry indicates the alliances between families by placing various escutcheons or coats of arms in their proper "quarters" of the family shield.



# QUIZ for today



1. A pood is a Flemish dog, Russian weight, Dutch cheese, Manx beggar, Arabian bird?
2. Who wrote (a) Dragon Seed, (b) The Dreadful Dragon of Hay Hill?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Argyll, Lanark, Ayr, Flint, Selkirk, Dumfries, Moray, Nairn.
4. The number of millions of negroes in U.S.A. is: 20, 17, 15, 13, 10?
5. What reptile was supposed to have a "precious jewel in its head"?
6. What is palt?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Mongol, Mongrel, Momentum, Manichean, Mastadon, Maidan, Muscatell.
8. In what game is the Knave of Clubs called "Pam"?
9. What is the electrical unit of current?
10. All the following are real words except one. Which is it? Parable, Hyperbole, Parembol, Parralage, Hypalage.
11. What country has legs for its arms?

## Answers to Quiz in No. 395

1. Part of a church.
2. (a) William Canton, (b) R. L. Stevenson.
3. Michoacan is in Mexico; others in U.S.A.
4. Duck.
5. Canada.
6. Christ's Hospital.
7. Mezzotint, Metallurgy.
8. Alderney.
9. Six (1940, '44, '48, '52, '56, '60).
10. Four.
11. Man Friday.
12. Elizabeth, Victoria, Patricia, and Margaret.

## USELESS EUSTACE



"The old girl keeps sneezing!"

# To-day's Brains Trust

WE have a County Cricketer, a Philosopher, the Manager of a Cricket Club, and a Professional Footballer, and the question they are to discuss is:

**Cricket** is the characteristic English game. Why is it that, although football has spread into every country in the world, cricket is popular only in Britain and the Empire?

**Philosopher:** "If I may presume to start the ball rolling, I should say that it is all due to the phlegmatic character of the Anglo-Saxon race. Football, as a game, is fast and furious. Cricket is slow and deliberate. The Latin and Teutonic races are by nature fast and furious, but the Anglo-Saxons are slow and deliberate. I know this is a gross generalisation, but I think it contains the truth of the matter."

**Footballer:** "But Englishmen are also fond of football—every bit as fond of it as other races are. Surely that knocks the bottom out of the Philosopher's argument?"

**Cricketer:** "Another point to consider is that the same men may be equally fond of football in the winter and cricket in the summer. Of course, the hotter weather may predispose him to play the slower game in the summer months, yet mere heat does not deter the tennis player, nor the Continental footballer."

**Philosopher:** "I still think the chief difference lies in

the race. For one thing, the Anglo-Saxon is born lazy. In the summer the traditional game of cricket allows him to indulge his laziness. In the winter the weather makes it extremely uncomfortable to lounge about in an open field for two or three days, and so he plays football."

**Cricketer:** "I resent the suggestion that playing cricket is lounging about in an open field! The racial characteristic which the Philosopher is after is, to my mind, the pleasure we English have in enduring and persisting for days at a time in any activity for its own sake."

**The Continental player** likes quick and profitable results. We like a good, long, solid job. We would play cricket in the winter if the weather allowed. We would make our football matches longer if human bodies could stand the strain. We like jobs which are arduous because they require prolonged concentration."

**Manager:** "The question asked is why cricket is popular only in Britain and the Empire, and this raises two points. To dismiss the second one first, cricket is not only played in Britain and the Empire. Quite a lot of people play it in the United States, and it is popular in India and the West Indies, where the races are not British, though the territory is."

"The other point concerns the meaning of 'popular.' I should feel inclined to judge the popularity by the size of the crowds who come to watch the games, rather than by the players. I am not at all sure that, even when you have allowed for the fact that few people can spare more than a brief Saturday afternoon to watch a game, football is not the more popular game in Britain."

"If everybody had three days' holiday every time there was a cricket match, I doubt very much if the crowds would be as large as those at a football match. Many people go to the county cricket grounds as a social function rather than to watch the game, and many more just go to bask in the sun in the only handy place about the town."

**Philosopher:** "Nevertheless, cricket is a peculiarly English game, and the point remains unsettled why we really bother to play it at all."

"There is one last thing I should like to draw attention to, and that is that cricket has an æsthetic appeal which is lacking in football. In other words, cricket is more beautiful to watch than football. It is more of a spectacle, more of a picture."

"I think this point might turn out to be of surprising importance had we the time to examine it."



"Has your husband got a lisp?"

## What! No more aching Teeth (asks Pat Spencer)

RESEARCH work now going on in America may spell the end of toothache!

It is based on the recent discovery by Dr. H. Trendley Dean, of the U.S. Public Health Service, that fluorine, an element of the earth's crust, prevents and halts dental decay.

The discovery was made by testing the water supplies of several towns, a simple case being that of two communities, of which the one which had only a trace of fluorides in its drinking supply had three times the amount of dental decay per head of the population as the town which showed large amounts of fluorides in its water.

Discoveries of world importance are often just as simple as that.

Adding the fluorides to the other two known essentials for sound teeth—calcium and phosphorus—seemed to be an obvious move towards a near-perfect cure for toothache.

Research workers concen-

trated on this problem, with the result that the substance richest in all three of these elements was found to be beef bones ground to flour.

The next step was the experimental use of the flour.

The first patients, animals, having shown quite amazing results, treatment was begun carefully on human beings.

Here, too, the results were beyond expectations.

Perhaps one of the most outstanding cases was that of a man who had bad decay in a cavity.

The decay was ground out, but instead of the tooth undergoing the normal process of being filled, the cavity was left bare for nine months so that it could harbour the worst possible conditions—food decaying in it after every meal.

The only treatment was the taking of bone flour capsules three times a day.

At the end of the nine months there was absolutely no sign of any new decay!

This and other tests were reported to the American Dental Association, and dozens of groups of dentists began to experiment with the new treatment.

These experiments are still under way, and cautious reports seem to be opening up a

new vista of hope for sufferers from this painful affliction.

Until the experiments are concluded, however, no final opinion can be expressed on the new treatment.

And until such final and official opinions have been expressed the public is warned not to attempt any

self-dosage under any circumstances.

For unless the bone flour is mixed by experts, it may be more harmful than useful—indeed, in some cases even poisonous!

It can, however, be said that the process holds the germ of what may prove to be the most

important dental discovery for centuries past.

If it proves to be as effective as is hoped, there need be no difficulty in the availability of the treatment, for there should be ample supplies of bone flour for making up into tablet or capsule form for every sufferer.

## WANGLING WORDS—338

1. Put beneath in THY and get bad weather.
2. In the following first line of a popular song, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? *Gery elap os yed honj enk octa shi thiw.*
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: PEAR into PLUM and then back again into PEAR, without using the same word twice.
4. Find the two hidden trees in: *Giving him a pleasant smile, his grandmother agreed to do as he suggested.*

## Answers to Wangling

### Words—No. 337

1. ReveL.
2. The Last Rose of Summer.
3. POLO, solo, sold, gold, GOLF, gulf, gull, pull, poll, POLE.
4. Ce-dar, L-arch.

## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Turn. 5 Mops.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10				11				
12			13		14			
15			16		17			
18			19		20			
		21				22		
23		24				25		26
27	28			29		30		
31			32		33			
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36						37		

CLUES DOWN.

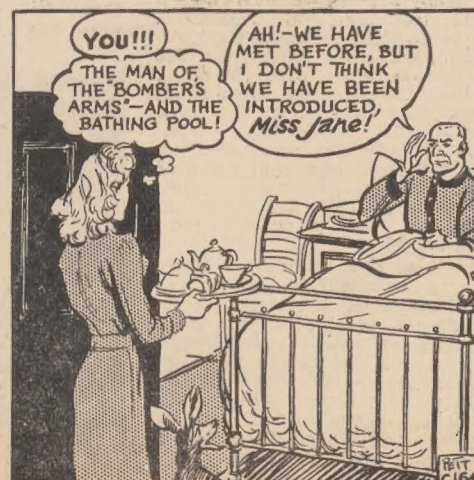
- 1 Jeer. 2 Cattle pen. 3 Bird. 4 Girl's name. 5 Under. 6 Squeezes. 7 Bronze. 8 Entreats. 9 Melodious. 13 American animal. 16 Rustic. 20 Objection. 21 Steps. 22 Water-bottle. 23 Absurdity. 24 Lift. 25 Dry stalks. 26 Falls hard. 28 Bar of balance. 30 Unfailing. 32 Utter.

10 Negro. 11 Wading bird. 12 Curved course.

14 Rubbish. 15 Part of week. 17 Facial member. 18 Ventilator. 19 Short and fat. 21 Enjoys. 24 Women's quarters. 25 Undermine. 27 Between the sheets. 29 Brilliance. 31 Peruses. 33 Countrified. 34 Legal suspension. 35 Floating structure. 36 Polishing mineral. 37 Sussex town.

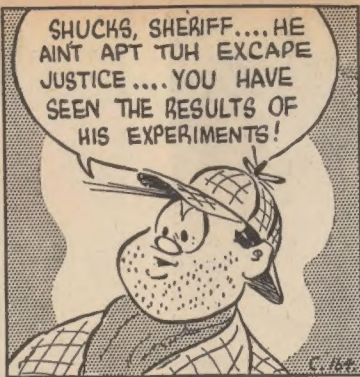
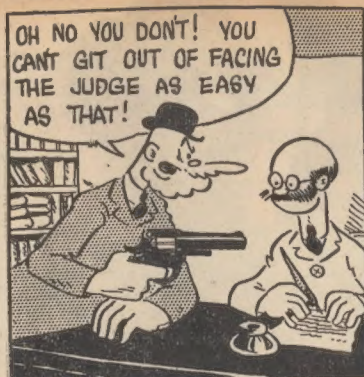
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## JANE





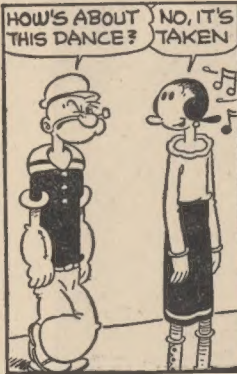
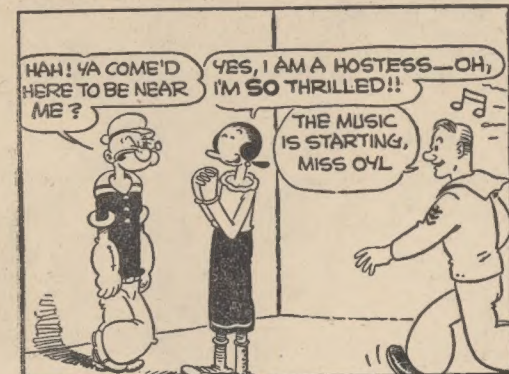
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



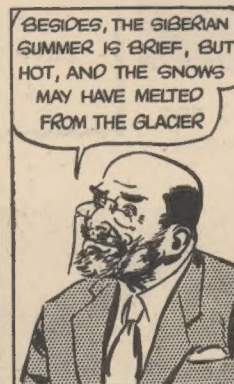
## POPEYE



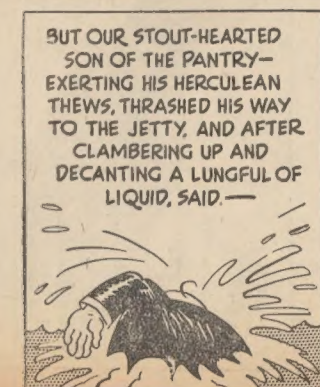
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## Just Fancy—

By Odo Drew

WHEN you come to think of it, there is a lot we ought to be thankful for. That was brought home to me the other day when I saw an interview with a good lady who kept a small poultry farm in Northern Ireland, and she was saying how much healthier the hens were on war-time food—not so many wet mashes that made them fat and flabby.

I knew, of course, that we humans were much healthier than we used to be, because we have been told so officially. And then I started wondering if there were not other things for which we ought to be grateful. I was surprised to find how much better off we are than we were, say, five years ago.

Take the black-out, for example. I know very well that it is rather a job getting about after dark. But don't you think we used to do too much gadding about at night-time? Isn't it much better to get to know our own homes once more?

We might even revive those days when people would drop in for music, and little Mary would charm everybody by her rendering of "The Maiden's Prayer" and Uncle Joe would make the ladies shiver with his spirited "Toreador."

Besides, it is so restful to the eyes. In pre-war days, especially in the towns, there were the brilliant shop-windows and the garish electric signs. What a strain on the optic nerve!

The noticeable increase in courtesy is due, very largely, to the crowded state of buses and trams. How nice it is to hear people say, "After you, sir; I don't mind waiting for the next bus at all; it won't be more than twenty minutes, if I'm lucky." It is this newly-learned courtesy and consideration which will lubricate the wheels of social life for many years to come. As my friend Al Male (or his deputy), might say: It makes you think, don't it?

This digging-for-victory business is one of the greatest boons. Back to Mother Earth, and all that. Instead of waste land, the fruits of the earth—the green of the cabbage, the red of the tomato, the scarlet of the strawberry, the white of the potato flower—what a riot of colour!

What healthy faces, tanned by the sun! How happy father looks, how satisfied mother to get fresh vegetables! No longer is it necessary even for the poorest to buy second-hand vegetables on the instalment system. Gardens of Eden everywhere.

Don't you think the Foreign Secretary is thrilled as he travels the country?

Old clothes, make-do-and-mend! What a pride, what an excess of pride, some people took in their clothes before the war. The waste of money, the senseless emulation between Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Brown, with their new spring outfits and Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Johnson with their new summer hats. But nowadays their pride is in how many times they can alter the shape of the old hats, turn and twist the old clothes. Do they look any the less charming for it?

Think of the evacuees from the big towns into the country. What discoveries they and their hosts made as soon as they could understand each other's languages. What incalculable influences have been brought to bear on the growing generation by the mingling of the sophistication of Stepney with the downrightness of Devon.

How altogether delightful in the future to hear in the New Cut the ripe cadences of Cornwall and the slurring syllables of Somerset. We are getting to know one another for the first time, and what a surprise (and a shock) it has been!

If we can't get all the matches, razor blades, and so on, that we have been accustomed to, what does that teach us? Sacrifice for the common good. If we don't get the spirits to drink that we used to, does that not guide us back to the eternal truth that Britain was built on beer? That may lead us to take more interest in our history books. And if two-thirds or three-quarters or seven-eighths of our money goes in taxes, ought we not to be thankful that we have so much to give?

On the whole, then, I think we can congratulate ourselves on the show we are making. Perhaps we are not unaware of each other's merits, as we salute the soldier, the sailor and the airman, the farmer, the factory worker, the civil servant, the baker, the butcher, and if not the candlestick maker, at least the man with a stock of number eight batteries.

Probably only the modesty of the journalist hinders the institution of a Salute the Journalist campaign.

I feel rather like a pat on the back, being a bit depressed following on last night. Going home, I was pushed off my tram by a howling mob of hooligans. I barked my shins in the black-out, I was sneered at owing to my worn clothes by a couple of birds in a pub where they had just run out of beer, and chid ungenially by my spouse because I couldn't give the kids a holiday in the country like other fathers.



Good  
Morning



**WEATHER  
BEATEN.**  
The cockatoo  
who left  
Australia for  
New Zealand  
but couldn't  
"grow" to  
like it even  
after seven  
years.



"Though you get my goat, you still have to darn-  
well feed me!"



★  
Good thing the water  
IS cold. How do we  
know you might never  
have run this way,  
Sister?  
★

*This England*

A nice place to halt for a quiet one by the  
river. Bourton-on-the-Water, Gloucester.



"Now, you  
fellows, this  
IS a treat. A  
positive grand-  
stand seat for  
the show."



"This is when  
I do my real  
stuff. I'll give  
them an eye-  
opener, by  
gosh, won't I."



**OUR CAT SIGNS OFF**

"You're sure  
carrying  
on the  
family  
tradition,  
kid."

